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BRIDGES AND BYWAYS

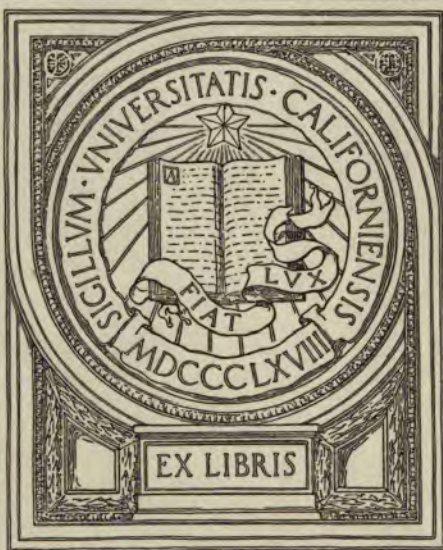
(OF CINCINNATI)

PRINTS FROM THE ETCHINGS OF
E. T. HURLEY

TEXT BY
JAMES ALBERT GREEN

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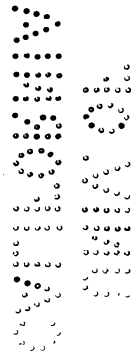
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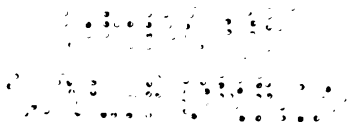




BRIDGES AND BYWAYS

PRINTS
FROM THE ETCHINGS OF
E. T. HURLEY
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TEXT BY
JAMES ALBERT GREEN



CINCINNATI
THE ST. JAMES PRESS
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1919

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DICKENS, in his Preface to Bleak House, says that he deals with the romantic side of familiar things. And this is what Mr. Hurley has done. He has shown us the beautiful in places, which from long acquaintance, we may have regarded as dull and commonplace. It is the province of the poet and the artist to interpret for us; to idealize the everyday things; to show us their soul and their inner meaning. We Cincinnatians live in a city that is full of unexpected beauty and we live in a region of rolling hills and splendid vistas,——made to delight the soul of the artist. Mr. Hurley has “the vision and the faculty divine” to bring to us the familiar places and scenes glorified and exalted into something better than we know. A distinctly local work of this kind belongs peculiarly to us—to the people of this community—and I feel that in this little book of pictures the artist has literally done what the Psalmist suggested:

Walk about Zion, and go round about her;
Number the towers thereof;
Mark ye well her bulwarks;
Consider her palaces
That ye may tell it to the generation
following.

—JAMES A. GREEN.

M95638

Cover—The City from Mt. Adams.

Frontispiece—

E. T. Hurley and I. B. Hurley, printing etchings.

- I The Arch Bridge, Eden Park.
- II Looking down Walnut, from Sixth.
- III Kemper Lane and Locust Street, (Carnegie Library, Congregational Church and Little Playhouse).
- IV Coppin's Lake, Latonia, Ky.
- V The Sixth Street Market, in the rain.
- VI St. Peter's Church, (head of Main Street) from Hughes Street.
- VII St. Clement's, St. Bernard.
- VIII The Cantilever Bridge, from the Newport side. (Night).
- IX Wharfboats, Newport, Ky.
- X The New Hamilton County Court House.
- XI The Little Bridge, Over the Pond, Eden Park.
- XII On the Hilltops, Elgin and Hatch Streets.
- XIII The Mohawk Bridge.
- XIV Entrance to the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Broadway above Fourth.
- XV The Ringgold Street Viaduct, Mt. Auburn.
- XVI The Lombardy Poplars of Alma Lane, Mt. Auburn.
- XVII The Old Stone Bridge at Sandfordtown, (Ky.)
- XVIII Entrance to St. Xavier's, Sycamore above Sixth.
- XIX Little Miami Valley from Ault Park.
- XX The Lincoln Statue in Lytle Park.

- XXI Along Duck Creek (from an etching by
I. B. Hurley).
- XXII The Side of the Hill, Mt. Adams.
- XXIII The Park Avenue Bridge.
- XXIV Cannon Lane.
- XXV Along the Little Miami, near Plainville.
- XXVI Government and Fountain Squares
- XXVII Cincinnati and the Ohio, from Devou Park.
- XXVIII The Cliffs, East Pavillion Street.
- XXIX The Canal at Vine Street.
- XXX Lower Market in Winter.
- XXXI The Ida Street Bridge, Pilgrim Chapel and
Eden Park, (from the Rookwood Tower)
Winter.
- XXXII The Side of the Hill, East End.
- XXXIII Odd Ohio River Craft.
- XXXIV The Boathouse, Brighton.
- XXXV Fourth Street, West of Main.
- XXXVI The Clifton Basin. (From an etching by
I. B. Hurley).
- XXXVII The L. & N. Bridge, from the Newport side.
- XXXVIII Reflections, Olive Branch.
- XXXIX Mt. Adams, from Bellevue.

I.—THE ARCH BRIDGE, EDEN PARK.

Man has never done anything more wonderful than to send bridges with airy arches through space. The aeroplane that flies is not more marvelous. And this arch in Eden Park is not only beautiful, but it is one of the earliest examples in the world of a concrete bridge. When it was built the skeptics predicted it would crumble, that it would not support its own weight—but it still stands, a monument to the art of plastic stone.



II.—LOOKING DOWN WALNUT FROM SIXTH.

Cincinnati's canyon street—Cardinal Mercier when he saw the New York skyscrapers thought they were ecclesiastical edifices—but in America we build for business purposes structures that overtop the loftiest of Europe's Cathedrals.

This does not mean that we set business above religion—it means that instead of having our cities sprawl all over the landscape, as it were, we have by means of the skyscraper attained an amazing concentration of the business population.



III.—KEMPER LANE AND LOCUST STREET.

There is always something striking in a tower or a spire. Practically all we build is purely utilitarian, but towers are for ornament. There is something lavish and splendid about them. Houses may be all of one pattern, but each and every tower has a character of its own. Think of the dreary monotony of a city without church steeples.



IV.—COPPIN'S LAKE, LATONIA, KY.

These rare old forest trees! When I was a boy there were men still living who remembered when all the hills that encircled our city were covered with the primeval forest. Ah, if the pioneers had possessed vision—if they had consecrated the hillsides to be parks, think of what Cincinnati would have been. The downtown city belted with a forest area through whose cool glades we would pass to reach the suburbs on the hills. But here and there yet stand a few of the old "first growth" trees which should be cherished as something which once gone can never be restored. Pleasant it is, too, to think that we are undoing the work of our heedless forefathers and in many a new park are restoring the forests.



V.—THE SIXTH STREET MARKET.

What color and what life there is in a market! What bargaining! Fruits and flowers, meat and vegetables, cheese and cakes, bread and pickles—what you will in endless profusion. Our markets are a survival of a past era. Madame Trollope said that in her day all the best people carried their own baskets to the markets. Perhaps were we to do that now the cost of living might not be so high.

Years ago I remember Murat Halstead told me that he joyed to see a market fruit stand—the yellow oranges, the red apples, the purple plums—such a riot of color that it pleased his eyes beyond measure—made brilliant the commonplace of its surroundings.



VI.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH, FROM HUGHES ST.

Once, on Lake Como, I made the round in a little steamer of all the straggling villages on the shore, and marveled much at the variety of the towers. Every church had a different kind of a tower. Some Gothic; some like one belfry built on top of another belfry, and some that defied all rules of architecture but were lovely none the less. And I thought that had I time I should like, were I an artist, to make a lasting memorial of these towers. But it is the same in Cincinnati. We have remarkable church towers; some which are miracles of slender beauty, some which are impressive, and some which, rising in the mean and poor quarters of the town, strike us with a sudden sense that here is the redeeming feature of the quarter. And all of these towers are an aspiration toward the skies. They all point upward and onward. That is their real significance.



VII.—ST. CLEMENT'S, ST. BERNARD.

Here is where the good Franciscan Brothers officiate. These gentle followers of St. Francis, of Assisi. They have in their Lord and Master their great example. They have in their patron saint their great inspiration. Yet one is struck sometimes with a sense of the strangeness of it all. Here, in this busy little industrial suburb of St. Bernard, to see the brown-robed brothers, with ropes for girdles, and their sandals, going in and out of their church and meditating in their garden, while all about them hum the vast activities of the modern world.



VIII.—THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE, FROM THE
NEWPORT SIDE—(NIGHT).

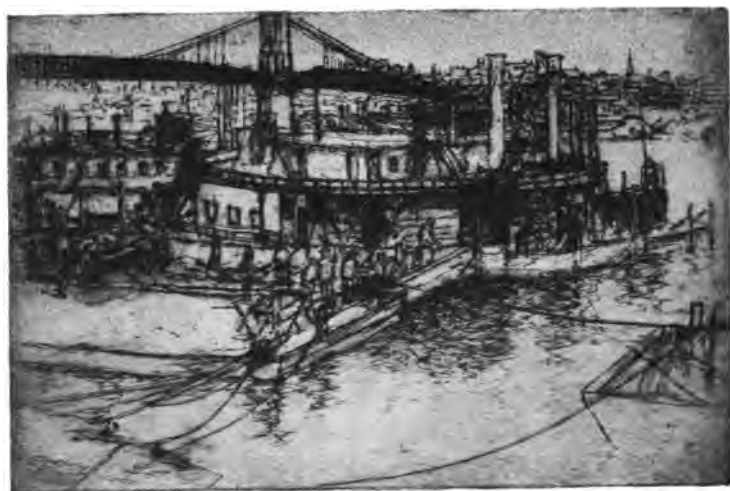
I often think how the Ohio, in its wild and wayward February and March floods, sweeping all before it in its wild rush of mighty waters, snarls and tears at the bridges that span it. They defy its fiercest onslaughts and stand serene and untroubled as monuments of man's triumph over nature.



IX.—WHARFBOATS, NEWPORT, KY.

The River has its own people, who live on it and with it. They are a strange folk, these river people, as picturesque and as foreign to the usual things of everyday life as can be imagined, rough, rude primitive and forever facing storm and danger. They are like the sea-faring people of a salt water port, distinct and separate from the rest of the community. It was the Ohio River that made Cincinnati. It was the founder of the family fortune as it were and of late years we have been neglectful of our river, treating it something like a thing outworn.

If you would see the river aright go at the close of day when the dusk shadows obscure the sharp lines of the landscape, just at the hour between day and night when the lights begin to blaze in the city's windows—go then and stand on one of the bridges.



X.—THE NEW HAMILTON CO., COURT HOUSE.

This magnificent new court house, a real temple of justice, noble and dignified, as befits the majesty of the law, is a gift which this generation of Cincinnatians is making to the generations which shall follow it. The man who builds leaves a heritage to posterity. During his own life time he enjoys the work of his hands, but what he really does when he builds is to make a gift to the men who come after him. Great public buildings have in themselves the elements of poetry. They appeal to our sense of grandeur and of beauty. Next to the works of God, like the skylines of mountains or the shores of the sea, the most impressive things in the world are the clustered towers and spires, and roofs of a great city. The long lines of the pillars, the great colonnades and mighty walls seem built to outlast the centuries.

This etching the artist made in compliment to the writer of the text and he makes his grateful acknowledgment.



**XI.—THE LITTLE BRIDGE, OVER THE POND
EDEN PARK.**

Where in the crowded city streets may
lovers hand in hand, whisper their old story
that is ever new? But here on the bridge in
the park, with water lilies in the lagoon be-
neath them and the smell of the grass and
flowers—here is the place where love and
youth belong.



XII.—ON THE HILLTOPS.

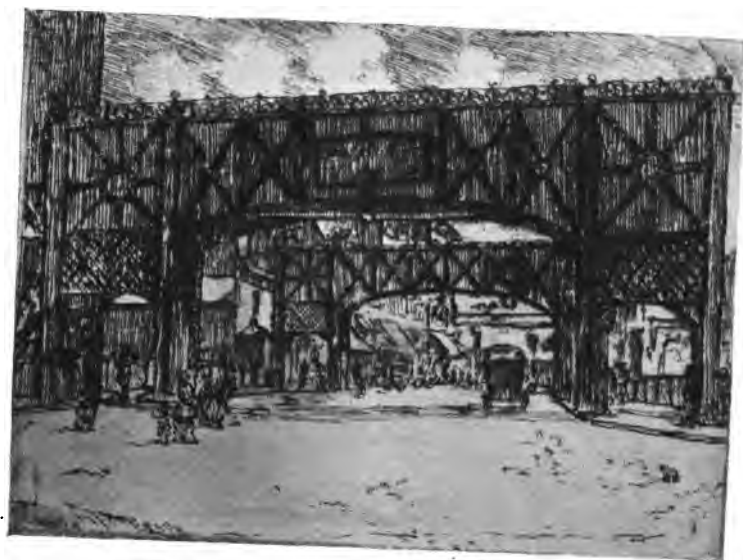
These pathetic hillsides of ours, washed out by the spring rains, baked by the summer suns, with the houses clinging to them and the streets ascending at impossible angles. But how I love them—and whenever I see a city built on a plain I thank God for our hills. And when I am far from home in a level land, my heart and my soul cry out for the valleys and the hills of home.

And on our clear days when the air has been washed and purified by the rain, the houses on the hillsides, as you see them from the windows of our down town skyscrapers, stand out in all their vivid and many colors like jewels set in them for their adorning.



XIII.—THE MOHAWK BRIDGE.

This lift bridge over the canal is not as picturesque as the great lift bridges in Chicago, or the one at the Soo. But then it is a lift bridge that does not lift, for it is frozen to the street level. But as the canal has ceased to function as a canal, it makes no possible difference whether it lifts or not.



XIV.—ENTRANCE TO THE SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL.

Procul, procul, O este profani! Avaunt, ye Philistines! As it might be rendered in modern English. This is the inscription over this door that opens only for the elect to the Temple of Mystery. But as so many of our best people belong here it is certain that the mysteries are nothing that would cause any harm. In fact there is reason to believe that a part of the mysteries consist in the mysterious art of good cooking of which the Shriners boast.



XV.—THE RINGGOLD STREET VIADUCT,
MT. AUBURN.

Like a strange caterpillar with many legs the viaduct crosses the hillsides and below is a sea of roofs. Here, lies spread out the great city, street on street, and far away beyond the splendid tower of the Union Central are the Kentucky hills, while to the west there is a glimpse of a mighty bend of the Ohio—go where you will on the outer circle of the hills there are these wonderful views.

How I pity the man who does not explore his own city, the man who is content to go from home and back day after day. Cities are worlds in themselves. They are never monotonous because they are instinct with life. There is a variety about Cincinnati that is infinite. My love for my own city grows as I know it better—I never tire of it—I love it with a great and absorbing passion—I love to serve her and I delight to tell others of her glories—delight to think of her great men—but I love Cincinnati, for it is Cincinnati and it is my home.



XVI.—THE LOMBARDY POPLARS OF ALMA
LANE, MT. AUBURN.

Sometimes, when from the hills there is
a sudden vision of the far off city, beautiful
and mystical in the distance, I can hear the
Pilgrims in the Golden Legend, chanting of the
city of their dreams.

Urbs coelestis, urbs beata
Supra petram collocata
Urbs in portu satis tuta
De longinquo te saluto.
Te saluto, te suspiro
Te affecto, te requiro.



**XVII.—THE OLD STONE BRIDGE AT
SANDFORDTOWN.**

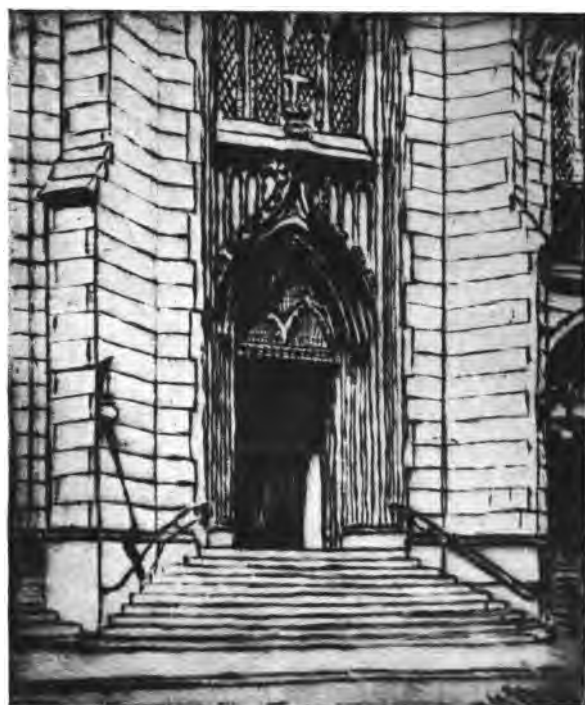
The automobile has brought the beauty of the country to our doors. War, said Pitt, is a great teacher of geography. And the automobile likewise is a great teacher of local geography. We never knew before it came of the little streams, the odd bridges and the hills and vales that are so near us.



XVIII.—ENTRANCE TO ST. XAVIER'S.

Here they pass through this door that is always open—the devout worshipper, the happy bride and bridegroom, the mourners with their dead, the proud parents with their babe to be baptized, the gay procession of school children to their morning prayers.

I think when I see a church that it sets its seal of consecration upon the great events of human life—birth, marriage, death.



**XIX.—LITTLE MIAMI VALLEY, FROM
AULT PARK.**

I never weary of the Valley of the Little Miami. No wonder that when the pioneers came down the Ohio seeking what was best in the new far West they stopped here. It is richer than the valley of the Nile, more beautiful than I have words to tell. One of our most traveled Cincinnatians told me that he had been the wide world over but nowhere had he found a valley, that in itself united all the elements that go to make a landscape lovely, as does this which lies at our very door.



XX.—THE LINCOLN STATUE, IN LYTTLE PARK.

“His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, ‘THIS WAS A MAN’”. An inspiration to have the statue of Abraham Lincoln on our busy street, and I breathe a silent prayer of gratitude to the great hearted man and woman who presented this statue to our city, Mr. and Mrs. Taft. Would there were more like them.



XXI.—ALONG DUCK CREEK.

Ah me, this sylvan stream of my boyhood where once the fish delighted to lie in its shady pools. And I remember Duck Creek Road which crossed and recrossed it, but there were no bridges then. The traveler must ford the stream. How delicately the horses used to put their hoofs in the water and what an adventure it was to go from bank to bank in this way. There are bridges now, ugly angular bridges that even Mr. Hurley does not try to make beautiful with his magic art, but to me Duck Creek will always remain as it was so many years ago, clear, beautiful and shaded by its basket willows and giant sycamores.



XXII.—THE SIDE OF THE HILL, MT. ADAMS.

This is our Mount St. Michael. They builded better than they knew when they placed this Church of the Immaculate Conception on the top of the lofty hill where it is forever a part of the sky line. Sometimes it stands out boldly, sharp and clear when the atmosphere is sparkling, sometimes it is misty and indistinct on smoky days—then it looms large and mysterious. And because it is on a hill top and it means effort to reach it, the devout on Good Friday climb the steep—hundreds upon hundreds of dear good people—to say their prayers upon this day of days before the altar in this church, which then becomes a shrine.



XXIII.—THE PARK AVE., BRIDGE.

“With a single arch, from ridge to ridge
It leaps across the terrible chasm.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel
For Pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last with a single arch
Under which, on it's endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.”

This modern bridge of ours, far larger
and more wonderful than the Devil's Bridge
of which Longfellow sings, carries across the
deep valley an endless stream of traffic, traffic
that would have amazed the Pilgrims on their
way to Rome; and instead of a river beneath,
is a great highway leading from the river
level to the top of the hills.



XXIV.—CANNON LANE.

These odd back yards in the by-ways, only the artist can see that they offer a necessary contrast in the city's life.

Have you ever thought that back yards are the true index of the family? Here is a back yard neat as a pin with flowers growing in it—perhaps a vegetable garden, and a rustic seat. Ah, the people who live there do their duty by God and man—that is certain. And here is a back yard littered with rubbish—let us pass on, we would not care to meet the people there.



XXV.—ALONG THE LITTLE MIAMI, NEAR
PLAINVILLE.

The Indians loved it as we love it, this Little Miami River. They built their towns upon its banks and planted their corn in its bottoms as we plant our corn. It is the joy of the summer guest, this gentle river.

To me it is endeared in memory—I swam it as a boy and my boys swam it in their turn—I have often floated down in it in a canoe from Morrow to the Ohio and shot its many rapids, or paddled down its long placid stretches with infinite delight. And once below the dam at King's Mills in the rapids a two pound bass jumped into my canoe.



XXVI.—GOVERNMENT AND FOUNTAIN
SQUARE.

Fountain Square is not exactly an oasis in the midst of the crowded city, but it is an interlude. Do we appreciate our glorious fountain according to its worth?

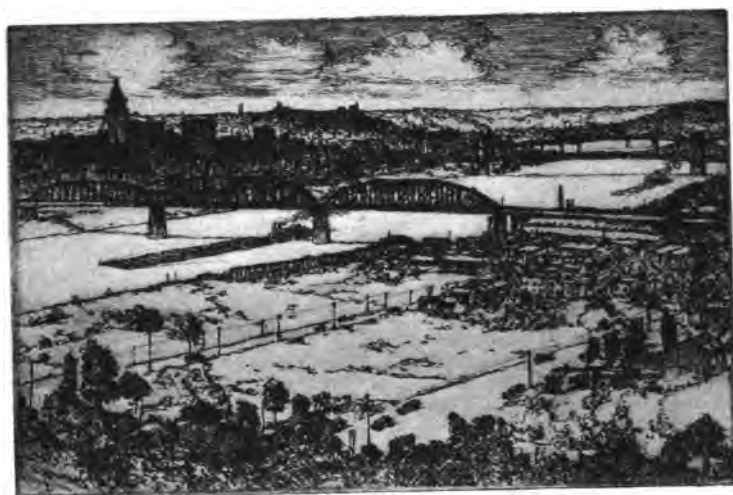
Let spouting fountains cool the air
Singing in the sun-baked square,
Let statue, picture, park and hall
Ballad, flag and festival;
The past restore, the day adorn
And make each morrow a new morn.



XXVII.—CINCINNATI AND THE OHIO. FROM
DEVOU PARK.

How the words of the Psalmist seem to
apply to Cincinnati, "As the mountains are
around about Jerusalem", so are the hills
roundabout our city.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall prosper that love thee;
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.



XXVIII.—THE CLIFFS, EAST PAVILLION
STREET.

Here are the modern cliff dwellers, with houses sometimes five stories in the rear and one story in the front. Our hills occasionally give us some surprising architecture. But what an uninteresting thing a crowd would be if all were dressed in Quaker grey! And how stupid and dull would be a city if the houses did not surprise us once in a while. Yet I sometimes wonder over the practical house-keeping details of one of these hillside houses where the dining room and kitchen are on the top floor and the bedrooms go down and down for four flights of stairs.



XXIX.—THE CANAL AT VINE STREET.

What a memorial of the past—this old canal. It flourished in the days of our grandfathers, or perhaps in the days of our great-grandfathers, when its waters were clear and when it was a highway of travel and of commerce. Those easy going days when a canal boat was fast enough, and when the canal flowed between vineyards and gardens—those far off times when it was a great holiday just to go in a gayly decorated canal boat out possibly to a place as remote as Cumminsville. It is not difficult, as you linger on the banks of the canal where still so many of the earliest buildings of the city stand, to reconstruct that dear, delightful, leisurely past. Soon the canal will be replaced by a boulevard and pictures like these will be the only tangible memorial of vanished times and ways.



XXX.—LOWER MARKET, IN WINTER.

Poor patient Dobbin—is he destined to become extinct? He certainly is fast disappearing from the city streets. Where there was one automobile five years ago there are twenty to-day; and where to-day there is one horse there were forty five years ago. And the artist may be doing posterity a service in showing just how a horse and wagon looked.

1



XXXI.—THE IDA STREET BRIDGE, PILGRIM
CHAPEL AND EDEN PARK, FROM THE
ROOKWOOD TOWER. WINTER.

The snow makes the world over. It changes form and line so that what once we knew has become something else.

“The frolic architecture of the Snow”.
And in the city what a change, to wake some winter morning and find the roadways and the roofs a radiant white!

Sometimes I think the snow is the Recording Angel, who in a mood of gracious forgiveness and forgetting, covers all the ugly places of the earth with a snowy mantle of oblivion.



XXXII.—THE SIDE OF THE HILLS, EAST END.

There is a regularity about city streets that may grow monotonous, but one can never complain of our hill sides in that way—these hills that surround our city, now gently rising and then abruptly falling, with a thousand different curves, with the streets running at many angles, the houses perched some times in places that seem impossible; these primitive, original houses with no regard for harmony or architecture, some with their yards running at an angle of 45 degrees up the hill, some with their gardens running at an angle 45 degrees down the hill. If you would study the most original things in our city, study not the city itself or the hill tops, but study the hill sides. Sometimes I think of the houses as of an invading army which has gloriously marched over the plain and filled it, and which has assaulted the hills but has not conquered them.



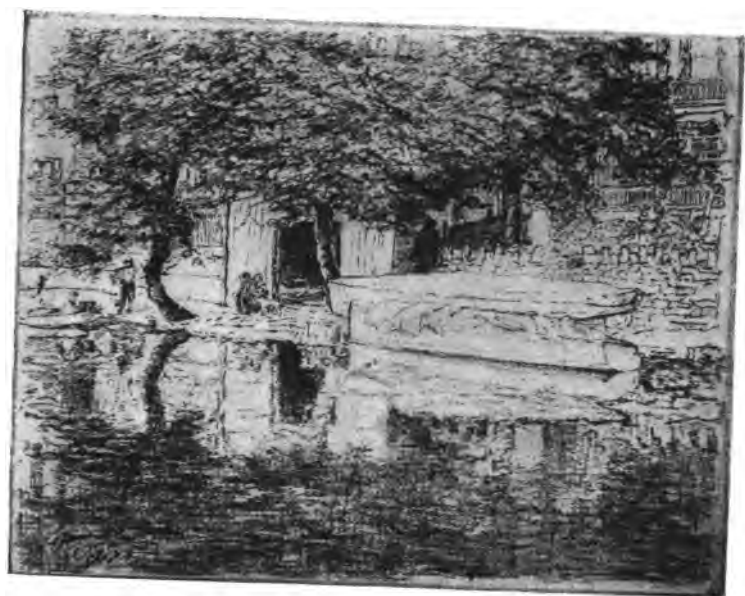
XXXIII.—ODD OHIO RIVER CRAFT.

It is only on our inland rivers that the shanty boat flourishes—and in China. The shanty boat has an evil reputation. But I knew a man who had made a fortune in Huntington. He retired from business and built a palatial shanty boat and spent four years in cruising, so to speak, from Huntington to the Gulf. He had lived all his life on the river, loved it, and when at last the opportunity came he carried out the ambition he had long cherished—to see the river from end to end and to loaf along its shores and visit its towns to his heart's content. This man was a gentleman, a man of genuine culture, so you see it is not quite safe to regard all shanty boat denizens as river pirates.



XXXIV.—THE BOAT-HOUSE, BRIGHTON.

It might be a bit of Holland, or it might be a bit of Venice, but it is neither, it is just one of the odd bits in Cincinnati—one of the places that a man born and bred here might never know existed were it not for the eyes and the hand of the artist.



XXXV.—FOURTH STREET, WEST OF MAIN.

Can there be anything new in architecture? Look at our sky-scrapers for your answer. And can a sky-scraper be beautiful? Most surely. This Union Central Building is in reality a massive tower. It is to Cincinnati what Notre Dame's towers are to Paris, what St. Paul's dome is to London, the distinctive feature. Had it been possible to build this tower in ancient days, it would have been the Eighth Wonder of the World. But it represents the modern wonder of the world—steel—which in one form or another has made the present age. Within itself this giant structure, with its steel skeleton, its swift elevators, its flowing water, its steam heat, its glowing electric lights, stands for all the progress in the applied arts which man has made.



XXXVI.—THE CLIFTON BASIN.

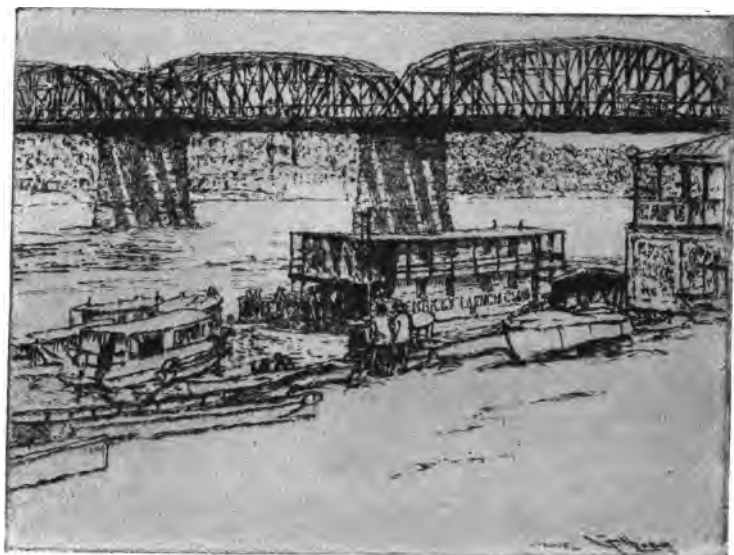
Gone are its glories. It is just a reedy pond these days. When the canal was really a canal, back somewhere in 1830 and 1840, before the railroad era, there was a shipbuilding plant here where they built canal boats. The place resounded with the hum of the saw and noise of the hammer, and the ship carpenters lived nearby, and it was a center of active industry, whereas to-day the sleep of the ages seems to have settled down on it, and the only purpose it serves is to make a fine skating pond in the winter, on those infrequent occasions when there is a hard frost.



XXXVII.—THE L. & N. BRIDGE, FROM THE
NEWPORT SIDE.

How seldom, as we stand by the river,
and by our railroad bridges, do we think of
what they mean. If we were to launch our
bark on the river and go with it's tide, at last,
after many a day, and after many a twist
and turn, we would arrive at New Orleans.
And, if we were to take the train that goes
across this bridge, thundering across the
Southland, in twenty-four hours we would
reach New Orleans. These highways lead
to the same place—one made by man, and
the other made by the Almighty.

If I could follow my homeland streams
As ever they Southward run,
I'd come at last to tropic seas
Warmed by the tropic sun.
I'd come at last to islands strange,
A marvel, every one,
Tall palms and gorgeous fruits and flowers
Warmed by the tropic sun.



XXXVIII.—REFLECTIONS, OLIVE BRANCH.

With many a curve my bank I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow,
I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



XXXIX.—MT. ADAMS, FROM BELLEVUE.

There are some city views of surpassing loveliness. Wordsworth stood upon Westminster Bridge in the early morning and wrote:

“Earth hath not anything to show
more fair.”

And more than one poet has seen and felt the beauty of the city.

“There is one glory of the Sun, and another glory of the Moon.”

There is beauty not only in the great places of nature, in the hills, in the forests and on the seas, but in the cities which man has built.

The glory of the sunset, when it touches with its magic colors, and its dim, mysterious tints, our hilltops, is as wonderful as the sunset in the mountains or on the ocean. Nature is the great artist, and nature, on her far flung canvass of sky and land, is as generous with her colors in the city as in the country.







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